EAGLE  
  
One day many summers ago  
In an Indian Village  
An old warrior, a woman, and a shepherd  
Were sitting and talking  
  
Enjoying the springtime sun.   
Overhead an Eagle flew  
Drifting, circling, dipping  
Against a sky the color of deep water.  
  
The shepherd looked at the Eagle and saw  
Terror and death from the skies,  
Killer of his flocks, savagery on wings.  
  
The warrior looked at the Eagle and saw  
The symbol of courage and fierce pride  
Whose sacred feather he wore.  
  
The woman looked at the Eagle and saw  
The beauty and grace of a dancer,  
Of the Wind Spirit swaying in the willows,  
And the drifting clouds at sunrise.  
  
So it is, that men see the Great Spirit   
In many ways and forms,  
Yet like the ones in the village  
All are looking at the same Eagle.

An EAGLE  
  
It seems just a few short months have passed,  
Since he joined with the youngsters next door.  
How proud he was then of his Tenderfoot pin,  
As he told her the message it bore.  
  
But the years have gone by as he struggled along,  
To learn what the Scout Law's about.  
He practiced then daily the Oath and the Law,  
Until now he's an EAGLE SCOUT.  
  
You may smile in your worldly old wisdom at this  
And say, "Why it's only a pin."  
But I tell you no honor he'll gain as a man,  
Will mean just as much to him.  
  
The red, white, and blue of the ribbon you see,  
Are the symbols of honor and truth.  
He has learned how to value these fine attributes,  
In the glorious days of his youth.  
  
In the outflinging wings of the EAGLE that rests  
On the breast of the knight of today,  
Are the things that will lift him above petty deeds,  
And guide him along the right way.  
  
Yes, it's only a pin......just an EAGLE SCOUT badge,  
But the heart that's beneath it beats true.  
And will throb to the last for the things which are good,  
A lesson for me,..............And a lesson for you!  
RONALD S. NEWSAM

The Eagle

by Emily M. Parris  
  
The eagle is a magnificent bird  
Who soars with graceful ease  
He's a symbol of our heritage  
As he glides upon the breeze  
  
He's a symbol of our freedom  
In his soaring boundless flight  
A beacon for humanity  
And a splendid, noble sight  
  
His huge wingspan maneuvers him  
In boundless soaring flight  
Oh eagle, in your majesty  
May we follow you tonight  
  
May we soar like eagles on the wings  
Of dreams composed of light  
Oh, eagle, in your splendor  
May we follow you tonight

It's Only A Pin  
by: S. Kurtz Hingley

A fond Mother watches her boy where he stands,  
Apart from his comrades tonight,  
And see placed on his camp-battered tunic, a badge...  
An Eagle... the emblem of right.  
  
It seems to her just a few short months have passed  
Since he joined with the youngsters next door.  
How proud he was then of his Tenderfoot pin  
As they told of the message it bore.  
  
But the years have gone as he struggled along  
To learn what the Scout Law's about;  
He practiced them daily, that Oath and that Law,  
Until now - he is an Eagle Scout.  
  
You may smile with your worldly wise wisdom at this  
And say, "Why it's only a pin."  
But I tell you no honors he'll gain as a man  
Will mean quite as much to him.  
  
The red, white and blue of the ribbon you see  
Are symbols of honor and truth.  
He has learned how to value these fine attributes  
In the glorious days of youth.  
  
And the out-flinging wings of the Eagle that rests  
On the breast of this knight of today  
Are the things which shall lift him above petty deeds,  
And guide him along the right way.  
  
Yes, it's only a pin, just an Eagle Scout badge,  
But the heart that's beneath it is true,  
And will throb to the last for the things that are good;  
A lesson for me... and for you.  
  
 By: S. Kurtz Hingley

An Eagle Mom's Poem

It's every mother's dream to see,  
her son grow tall and strong.  
To teach him what is right to be,  
to keep him from the wrong.  
  
Mom so loves that little boy,  
and uses all the skills at her employ.  
She teaches him the things she can,  
and hopes that he'll become a man.  
  
He learns that words can hurt or heal,  
that words can change the way we feel.  
He learns that truth is right and good,  
to treat his fellow man the way he should.  
  
He learns that where there's greatest freedom in this world,  
there also stands his Nation's flag unfurled.  
He learns to live by faith and love,  
to always trust in God above.  
  
The years have passed and in their wake,  
a taller straighter lad there stands.  
And mother's pride is great indeed,  
her little boy is nearly a man.  
  
An Eagle Scout  
  
 Ed Schmitt

An Eagle Dad's Poem

I saw a chubby little boy,  
In uniform of blue,  
A jaunty cap was on his head,  
His shoes were shiny, too.  
  
His eyes were wide, expectant;  
He glowed fresh from the tub.  
His air said, "Let's get on with it!"  
This my son the Cub.  
  
I saw a slightly larger boy,  
Much taller, leaner, too;  
He stood up straight and proud,  
In garb of khaki hue.  
  
He now has more determination,  
In his face there is no doubt;  
I'm pleased to see his confidence,  
This is my son, the Scout.  
  
I know he'll strive to do his best,  
This bigger boy, not yet a man,  
Will grow in strength, in law and skill,  
For him, I'm sure, God has a plan.  
  
God, guide his path, make straight his way,  
Make his goal be high, his courage stout,  
That humbly, yet proudly, I will know,  
This is \*MY\* son, the Eagle Scout!  
  
 Paul Sweeney,

The Law Of Life

*The following poem was part of a package of Eagle Court of Honor materials which was distributed by the Bucks County Council Chapter of the National Eagle Scout Association. No author or source was given for the poem.*The tree that never had to fight  
For sun and sky and air and light,  
That stood out in the open plain  
And always got its share of rain,  
Never became a forest king,  
But lived and died a scrubby thing.  
  
The man who never had to toil  
Who never had to win his share  
Of sun sky and light and air,  
Never became a manly man,  
But lived and died as he began.  
  
Good timber does not grow in ease.  
The stronger wind, the tougher trees,  
The farther sky, the greater length,  
The more the storm, the more the strength,  
By sun and cold, by rain and snows,  
In tree or man, good timber grows.

Because Of Our Son

Because of our son, we found a job to do.  
We became Scouters, tried and true!  
We understand boys better, because of our son.  
It happened through Scouting, oh what fun!  
Because of our son, it was all worthwhile,  
Oh, what a reward, to see a boy's smile!  
It's endless, the pleasures gained from Scouting,  
Because of our son, we attended each meeting,  
And we've gained many friends beyond measure.  
Tis indeed blessed to hold, such a wonderful treasure!  
Hours that were idle, are now filled to the brim.  
Because of our son, we enjoy life with him!  
Because of our son, we've a new way of life.  
We recommend Scouting for each Husband and Wife!

Eagle

by Greg Gough

I dreamed of the Eagle,  
soaring high above.  
Majestic, graceful;  
free from it's Earthly tether.  
It's presence...  
shadowing and altering reality.  
All who see it,  
focus upon it.  
At times it becomes elusive  
as it dances in and out of the sun.  
Watch closely,  
do not turn away and  
miss your chance to share  
in it's spirit.  
The spirit of the Eagle can be found in  
each young Scout's eyes.  
It's presence can be felt  
by those close to achieving  
Scouting's highest honor.  
And it's essence  
is preserved and cherished  
by those known as  
Eagle Scouts!

Eagle Scout

The Scouts gave you a challenge,  
And you've met it faithfully my friend,  
But it's quite hard to understand  
Just all it will mean in the end.  
  
An Eagle Scout, you've reached the top,  
Or have you only just begun?  
I'm betting that you will not stop  
With so much glory to be won.  
  
For life holds out a challenge too,  
A mountain high for you to scale,  
And with the training Scouts gave you,  
There's really no such word as fail.  
  
And so as you press on ahead,  
You'll find it's made much work like play,  
And as the tasks before you spread,  
They'll find you ready, so I'll say.  
  
Congratulations Eagle Scout,  
The world before you now is spread,  
Scouts taught you much what life's about,  
Prepared you well for what's ahead.

The Oyster And The Eagle

When God made the oyster, he guaranteed him social security.  
He built the oyster a house, a shell to protect him from his enemies.   
When hungry, the oyster simply opens his shell, and the food rushes in.   
  
But when God made the EAGLE, he said, "The Blue sky is the limit.   
Go and build your house." So the EAGLE went and built his house upon the highest  
mountain peak, where storms threatened him every day. For food, he must fly through  
miles of rain and snow and wind.   
  
The EAGLE, then...not the oyster...is the symbol of the United States Of America, and  
Scouting's highest award.

The Scouting Trail

This is the trail that the Scout shall know,  
Where knightly qualities thrive and grow.  
The trail of HONOR, TRUTH and WORTH,  
And the strength that spring, from the good brown earth.  
The trail that Scouts, in their seeking blaze,  
Through the toughest tangle, the deepest maze.  
Till out of boyhood the Scout comes straight,  
To manhood's splendid and high estate.

An Eagle Scout

True to his God and his Nation's Flag,  
A boy whose loyalties never sag.  
An adventurous sort of a rough, tough lad,  
He'd share with anyone, all that he had.  
He's cheerful and good, and he's filled with fun,  
He always helps till the work is done.  
No loafer is he, this young man with skill,  
With his disciplined heart, mind and will.  
He camps and cooks, he hikes and climbs,  
He can sing a song or make a verse that rhymes.  
He's a splendid youth with a lifetime goal,  
He's the type of boy who's in control.  
There's no better young man in this great land,  
Than an Eagle Scout with a helping hand.

Trail To Eagle

by Greg Gough

Walk upon the trail,  
that links the,  
future with the past.  
Take the Oath,  
Live the Law.  
The pathway to Eagle,  
is steep and narrow.  
Your journey will require,  
skill and fortitude.  
Your reward:  
Knowledge and Understanding.  
Enough to base a lifetime on.  
Your challenge is to;  
Take the journey,  
Join the few and  
Soar with the Eagle.

Trail The Eagle

Trail the Eagle, Trail the Eagle,  
Climbing all the time.  
First the Star and then the Life,   
Will on your bosom shine, keep climbing!  
Blaze the trail, and we will follow,   
Hark, The Eagle's call;   
On brothers, on until we're Eagles all.

The Method  
  
He strives with devotion in his work with youth,  
To show them joy and beauty and truth.

He toiled and labored, but his work seemed in vain,  
He sensed in his soul there was little to gain.

He wondered why, as he tried to review,  
Had his plan been faulty, his bases untrue?

Finally it came like a dawning light,  
He then saw clearly his faltering plight.  
  
He'd been trying his best, unwisely no doubt,  
To pour goodness in, instead of drawing it out.

Eagle Poem  
  
Fond parents watch their boy where he stands  
apart from his friends tonight  
as the y place on his camp-battered tunic, a badge  
an eagle, the emblem of right  
  
It seems just a few short months have passed  
since he joined with the youngsters next door  
how proud he was the of his new scout badge  
as he told them the message it bore.  
  
But the years have gone as he struggled along  
to learn what the scout law's all about  
he practiced them daily, the oath and the law  
until now he's an Eagle Scout.  
  
You may smile in your worldly old wisdom at this  
and say, "Why it's only a pin."  
But I tell you, no honors he'll gain as a man  
will mean as much to him.  
  
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and will throb to the last for the things which are good  
a lesson ......for me....... and for you.  
  
 Paul Sweeney,